Spotted Coach Dog in Style Again

A BUNCH OF SPOTTED COACH DOGS.

DOLLIE DOT SPOT.

PATHFINDER.

FIGHTING MAC.

TEN SPOT.

JESSIE.

Fashion, after years of neglect, has once more taken up the spotted coach dog.

These dogs were in high favor in this city as a finishing touch to a stylish equipage back in the '60s, but the fashion died out and for many years the sight of a spotted dog running with the horses has been very rare in town. They have always been liked at the fire houses and at some of the city stables, but the fox terrier is the favorite at the private stables and the spotted dogs have been quite banished from the fashionable drives.

In parts of New England, and in the South and West, there has been no cessation in the training of the spotted dogs as a stylish adjunct to the equipages, or as a useful one, for they are trustworthy caretakers when a vehicle is left alone. Therefore the breed has not quite died out. The few specimens to be found, however, are not usually of a good type from the bench show viewpoint.

To restore the breed in this respect and to bring it back to fashion as a coach dog is the object of some amateur whips who have just organized the Dalmatian Club of America.

Alfred B. Maclay is the president of the new club, H. T. Peters, vice-president, and J. Sergeant Price of Philadelphia, secretary and treasurer. The members include William L. Beadleston, J. B. Thomas, Jr., H. L. Herbert, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and J. H. Hyde, with many others equally well known as amateur whips and as breeders of thoroughbred dogs.

All of these named own Dalmatians. Most of the dogs are new importations, but some of them are of strains that have been kept up at the kennels of the owners for a long while.

Messrs. Peters and Thomas have brought a string over from England, which includes Pathfinder and Fighting Mac and Follow On and Ten Spot, and they will exhibit as the Windy Valley Kennel. H. L. Herbert has had Dalmatians for some years at his winter home in Lakewood. His dogs are not carriage broken, but they follow him on his rides, and Mr. Herbert also uses them in rabbit hunting, when they work a cover and give tongue on a slight scent, like beagles. C. O'D. and Lewis Iselin of New Rochelle are also to be with the new club.

After having been missed from the regular classes for some years at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, the Iselins acquired a good lot of Dalmatians by breeding from imported stock, and had the breed put on as a class for the shows of 1897 and 1898. The breed soon lapsed again as a regular class, but the Iselins still have some of the stock.

The few Dalmatians at the shows have usually been benched in the miscellaneous class, and one winner in that lot of some ten years ago was subsequently disqualified for having a glass eye. At the Westminster show next month there will be a full classification for Dalmatians, and a number of special prizes for the breed have been offered through the new club, the most important being the Edgecomb Challenge Cup, presented by Miss M. W. Martin, to be competed for at the New York, Wissahickon and Philadelphia shows. It must be won three times with different dogs to be won out, and the donor, who has a noted kennel of Dalmatians, is not to compete.

"The Dalmatian, more generally known as the coach dog, or the plum pudding dog, the last being the common name for the variety in England, is one of the oldest branches known of the dog family," said Harry T. Peters, vice-president of the new club. "It is generally admitted that the breed came originally from Dalmatia, on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Venice, where, in all probability, they were used as bird dogs. They are sometimes spoken of to-day as Dalmatian pointers.

"In the old days the sporty appearance of the Dalmatians was responsible for their wide distribution through Europe. All who made the grand tour travelled on horseback or in coaches, and these dogs were favorites as guards and travelling companions.

"It was run or die in those days, so that only the best and strongest of the breed survived the long journeys, as the weaker fell by the wayside. Such journeys developed the instincts which make them popular to-day, namely, to follow their master as long as they have a leg to stand on and to guard his goods and chattels, especially his horse and carriage, in his absence.

"Such travellers brought the dog from the Continent to England, and in many of the old coaching prints you find the Dalmatian either in the stable door or running with the vehicle. In one old sporting book the list of requirements for a well appointed road coach ends with 'a cockhorse and a plum pudding dog.'

"Our members hold that one can see no more sportsmanlike turnout to the present day than a road coach, high cart, or even a runabout, with one or a pair of the spotted dogs trotting under the axle close to the heels of the horse or horses, from which point of vantage they will repel any invader, man or beast, besides adding to the whole an appearance of completeness which the turnout otherwise lacks.

"As a companion the Dalmatian is unequalled, owing to the many uses to which he may be put. He can be broken as a pointer, or will even run a rabbit, if need be. He will follow his master all day on foot, or after a carriage, and will be interested in everything that is going on. In fact, the only places where a Dalmatian may not be used to advantage are in the drawing room and behind a racing automobile."

Regarding the points of the breed, as recognized by the Dalmatian Club, Mr. Peters said:

"The ideal Dalmatian should be white in color, marked evenly with black spots or liver-colored spots, varying in size from a dime to a half-dollar, according to their position, the smaller being on the head, ears and tails. The ears may be black or spotted, with a preference for the spotted.

"The make and shape of a Dalmatian should be that of a pointer, with the best of legs and feet. Too much stress cannot be laid on these latter requirements.

"The muzzle should be long and powerful, the head fairly long and broad between the ears, which should be well set up and carried close to the head. The tendency now to breed snipey faced, heavy skulled dogs is most deplorable.

"The tail should be carried well, but not curled over the back. A dog should weigh about fifty-five pounds and a bitch about fifty pounds. As a whole, the Dalmatian should present an appearance of strength, agility, and endurance combined. Clumsiness is as much to be avoided as weediness."

Jesse Seligman, the banker, owns Dalmatians, and has presented specimens of the breed to some of the fire houses uptown and a particularly fine brace to the Fire Department Headquarters, in East Sixty-seventh street.

The firemen have done more to keep the Dalmatian from dying out during its eclipse from fashion than the stablemen, and they will be interested in the formation of the specialty club to promote the breed. The firemen speak in high terms of the courage and fidelity of the spotted dogs.

"Jack, our old dog, was trampled to death by the engine team last fall," said the driver of Engine 10, in East Fifty-first street, Brooklyn. "The weather was so hot we had chained Jack in the yard so that he would not run with the engine, but when the alarm sounded the dog pulled the staple out in his efforts to get free and chased after the team with the length of chain dangling from the collar.

"He caught the team at the Borough Hall corner and jumped before the horses as usual, but one of them stepped on the chain and Jack was tripped up and run over. He died a martyr to duty, all right."

They have a Dalmatian pup now to take Jack's place in the engine house. There are also spotted dogs in Brooklyn that bunk with the men and run to fires at Truck 1, in Van Brunt street; Engine 176, in Norman avenue, and at Engine 30, in Ellery street.

The last day has set the precedent that fire companies need not take out licenses for dogs. A dog catcher had this spotted pet in custody a couple of years ago, but a fireman came to the rescue and the subsequent mixup landed the two before a Police Justice. The Magistrate ruled that as the dog belonged to the fire company, which was employed by the city, the license fee must be collected from the City Comptroller and the fireman was justified in defending the dog from a raid.

Hook and Ladder No. 1, on Chambers street, has just lost by death the spotted dog that has been a familiar sight about the fire house and City Hall Park for years. Her name was Nelly.

There are quite a number of the Dalmatians at uptown fire houses, of new or old strains. Engine 44, on East Seventy-fifth street, owns a good one and Spot has run with Hook and Ladder No. 11, which lies on Fifth street, near the East River, for ten years. Spot is the son of a dog for whom $250 was paid in Italy by a wealthy German of lower Houston street and even in old age is a handsome animal.

Two of Mr. Herbert's dogs were bred at the stock farm of C. J. and H. Hamlin, near Buffalo, and Dollie is of his own breeding. The Hamlins are famous owners of fast trotters and pacers, and a spotted dog is always sent on the circuit with their racing string.

THE HORSE IN WAR HISTORY.

COMPANIONS IN FAME OF GEN. STOESSEL'S CHARGER.

One of the Most Celebrated the Black Rienzi That Carried Sheridan From Winchester, Twenty Miles Away —Horses of Grant and Sherman.

When Gen. Nogi admired Gen. Stoessel's Arab horse after the fall of Port Arthur and the Russian commander promptly presented the animal to his conqueror the generous act increased the feeling of admiration which all the world has felt for the brave defender of the fortress which eight months of vigorous land siege forced him to surrender.

The cable despatches do not say that the horse was the General's favorite steed, nor do they tell how much use Stoessel made of him during the long weeks of almost hopeless resistance. But Port Arthur's defences extended over many miles, and the animal undoubtedly did his part in carrying the Russian commander from point to point in his daily tour of inspection. Gen. Stoessel patted the horse's neck in farewell as he turned him over to the Japanese, showing that he had the affection which every general has for the animal that carries him through a campaign.

Gen. Nogi promised that the horse should receive the best of care and attention, and in Japan, where good horses are rare, the animal will probably become the equine hero of the war.

There is no doubt as to where this title belongs in the history of our own civil war. For Read has written:

> And there, through the flash of the morning light,
> A steed as black as the steeds of night
> Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,

bringing Sheridan from "Winchester, twenty miles away," to save his scattered army and turn defeat into victory. The history of this famous horse is best told in Gen. Phil Sheridan's "Memoirs." He writes:

"Shortly after this affair (a skirmish in July, 1862) Capt. Archibald P. Campbell of the Second Michigan Cavalry presented me with the black horse called Rienzi, since made historical from having been ridden by me in many battles conspicuously in the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, which has been celebrated in the poem by T. Buchanan Read.

"This horse was of Morgan stock and then about three years old. He was jet black, excepting three white feet; was sixteen hands high and strongly built, with great powers of endurance. He was so active that he could cover with ease five miles an hour at his natural walking gait.

"The gelding had been ridden very seldom; in fact, Campbell had been unaccustomed to riding until the war broke out, and, I think, felt some disinclination to mount the fiery colt. Campbell had an affection for him, however, that never waned, and would often come to my headquarters to see his favorite, the colt being cared for there by the regimental farrier, an old man named John Ashley, who had taken him in charge when leaving Michigan and had been his groom ever since.

"Seeing that I liked the horse—had ridden him on several occasions—Campbell presented him to me on one of these visits, and from that time till the close of the war I rode him almost continuously, in every campaign and battle in which I took part, without once finding him overcome by fatigue, though on many occasions his strength was severely tested by long marches and short rations.

"I never observed in him any vicious habit—a nervousness and restlessness and switch of the tail, when everything about him was in repose, being the only indication that he might be untrustworthy. No one but a novice could be deceived by this, however, for the intelligence evinced in every feature and his thoroughbred appearance, were so striking that any person accustomed to horses could not misunderstand such a noble animal.

"But Campbell thought otherwise, at least when the horse was to a certain degree yet untrained, and could not be persuaded to ride him; indeed, for more than a year after he was given to me Campbell still retained suspicions of his viciousness, though along with this mistrust an undiminished affection.

"Although several times wounded, this horse escaped death in action, and, living to a ripe old age, died in 1878, attended to the last with all the care and surrounded with every comfort due the faithful service he had rendered."

> Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
> Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
> And when their statues are placed on high,
> Under the dome of the Union sky,
> The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
> There with the glorious General's name,
> Be it said, in letters both bold and bright
> "Here is the steed that saved the day
> By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
> From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Sheridan was an expert horseman and a dashing leader of cavalry during the war, but in later years corpulency made him prefer easier modes of travel. It is told of him that during a military review in Philadelphia, he led the troops on a prancing charger. Once past the reviewing stand, and out of sight of the largest crowds, he called to one of his aides, saying:

"Here, let me have that cart horse of yours. This one is too lively for comfort." Shades of Rienzi!

One case in which a favorite war horse balked at a critical time is related in the life of Gen. W. S. Hancock. It was the third day on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and the historian relates:

"As soon as the enemy's skirmishers made their appearance, Gen. Hancock again rode along his lines to the right to encourage his troops, and to notify the commanders that the enemy was about to make his assault. It was quite remarkable that the General's favorite horse, one he had ridden in many battles and always found reliable, became so terrified, just as the enemy's column was approaching our line, that it became utterly powerless and could not be forced to move when the General wished to ride to the threatened point.

"He was therefore obliged to borrow a horse from one of his staff, Capt. Brownson, dismounting the officer and saying to him:

"'You can afford to have a horse of this kind, Captain, on such an occasion as this, but I cannot.'"

A few hours later Gen. Hancock was shot from this borrowed horse, the ball passing through his saddle before it struck him in the thigh and carrying into the wound several splinters of wood and a wrought iron nail. Did his own horse have some premonition of the danger ahead when he refused to carry his owner into the line of battle?

Gen. Hancock was carried from the field in an ambulance when assured that his troops had been victorious. He recovered and returned to the service. A horse was shot from under him when his command met defeat at Ream's Station in August, 1864.

During Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman's famous march to the sea his favorite horse was known to the army as Old Sam. The animal is described as a "horribly fast walking horse, who was as indifferent to shot and shell as his master."

During one of the early battles of the war Gen. Sherman was wounded in the hand, but bandaged it and went on with his work. The next day he was again wounded and had three horses shot under him, but mounted a fourth and stayed in the field.

In his youth Gen. U. S. Grant was a great lover of horses, and in his "Memoirs" tells of trades he made when a mere boy. But during the closing years of the war that made him famous he seems to have had no favorite steed. That he was a thorough horseman is shown in the following concerning the breaking of a mustang during his early days in the West:

"The day we started was the first time the horse had ever been under saddle. I had, however, but little difficulty in breaking him, though for the first day there were frequent disagreements between us as to which way we should go, and sometimes whether we should go at all.

"At no time during the day could I choose exactly the part of the column I would march with, but after that I had as tractable a horse as any with the army, and there was none that stood the trip better. He never ate a mouthful of food on the journey, except the grass he could pick within the limit of his picket rope."

Here is a tribute to the horse from the diary of a staff officer with Gen. Sherman's army:

"Prince was loaned to me by a brother officer, as my own horse had been ridden all day and was not in the best condition. He was a gray nag, and his rider assured me of his many good qualities.

"When I got into the saddle, Prince turned his head toward me, shaking it wisely as if to say: 'I don't like this night trip in the pelting rain, and besides I don't know you.' A shake of the rein and a light touch of the spur convinced him that he must go ahead.

"The first five rods of the way lay through, or rather into, a bog where the mud was knee deep. Prince managed not to sink much lower than that depth, avoiding a catastrophe by a series of plunges.

"This bog was succeeded by a small lake and another sea of mud, which he swam through with creditable facility. At last we found dry ground, that is to say bits of hard ground, in the middle of the road and on both sides of the wheel tracks. The road would never have been selected for a pleasure jaunt.

"The despatches must be delivered that night, so away we went over a cruel piece of corduroy into the mud holes again, through several creeks, and once again on a bit of firm ground, where I found Gen. Sherman, stretched at full length, asleep, on the floor in the pulpit of a church.

"It was midnight when I again mounted the noble gray to retrace my steps. He carried me safely through my wretched, dangerous journey, and we said good-night to each other as I left him munching a good supper of corn and oats.

"Good, faithful Prince! He should have had my bed had he needed it more than I. Prince was one of the heroes who are not gazetted."

Napoleon used many horses in his various campaigns, and if we are to believe in the accuracy of Meissonier and other painters who have depicted stirring incidents in the life of the Emperor the steeds were always white.

When in the field Napoleon spent most of his time in the saddle. He was a more impressive figure there than on foot.

History does not record that he had any favorite war charger, and fails even to tell us anything about the horse that bore him on the fateful field of Waterloo. Sloane's history of the Emperor says of the closing incidents of that day:

"Throughout the famous charge of his devoted men Napoleon rode hither and thither, from Rossomme to Belle Alliance." And then, at the very last: "Napoleon had become an object of pity—his eyes set, his frame collapsed, his great head rolling in a drowsy stupor. Monthyon and Bertrand set him as best they could upon a horse and, one on each side, supported him as they rode."

But the horse that played this big part in history goes nameless.

PUTS UP DUMBBELL 16,000 TIMES

Anthony McKinley, an American, Performs This Feat in Ireland.

An American, Anthony McKinley, has made a remarkable showing with dumbbells in Ireland recently, according to the following extract from the Belfast *Evening Telegraph*:

On Monday afternoon Anthony McKinley gave another proof of his remarkable speed, staying powers and endurance in handling dumbbells. He gave the exhibition in the billiard room of the Boyd Arms Hotel with a 12 pound 1¼ ounce dumbbell, shoulder to arm's length above shoulder, one hand, and succeeded in putting it up 16,000 times in 2 hours 57 minutes 50 seconds, at the rate of 90 times per minute, regular throughout, with one or two over every time after the counter called out, and often more. The dumbbell was weighed at starting and finishing in the presence of all, and the total weight amounts to 86 tons 5 hundred weight 1 quarter 22 pounds. The previous best with this weight, a 12 pound dumbbell, was by A. Corcoran at Chicago, which was also the greatest total weight ever put up, when, on Oct. 4, 1873, he put it up 14,000 times, time not stated, or a total weight of 75 tons.

The Magyar Patriot as the Inner Circle Sees Him

Magyar residents of New York resent the notion that gypsy music, queer drinks and queerer food are Hungary's sole contributions to American civilization. Those who have this notion of the Magyars rarely come in contact with them, for the true Magyar is not to be seen at his best in the show places of the far East Side, and has no mind to make fun for idle sightseers.

It is in quiet little resorts, intensely national in character, in unpretentious local clubs, and at home, that the social life of the Magyar goes on. He brings with him from Hungary to America something that the customs inspectors never detect in his baggage—the racial pride for which the race is famous in Europe. It is partly this that enables the Magyars, who are rather less than nine out of nineteen millions in their native land, to rule the country.

In New York, however, the Magyar relaxes a little his racial exclusiveness. Perhaps he warms least toward the German as the representative of the most powerful race in Austria, but he accepts in good faith any decent immigrant from Hungary who loves the fatherland and would see it great and free.

Patriotism is the Magyar passion. Other nations in exile are enthusiastic for the fatherland when national anniversaries come round, but the Magyar's patriotic passion burns undiminished all the time.

The stranger who penetrates the Magyar resorts, although far from welcome if he comes as mere sightseer, finds himself instantly *persona grata* if he shows evidence of a sincere interest in the fortunes of Hungary. A single question on the politics of the country will bring forth a torrent of explanation. Men will sit over coffee and cheese until long after business should have claimed them, to make plain the tangled political conditions of Hungary.

The Magyars can never forget that it was in difficulties growing out of our interest in their struggle of 1848-49 that Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, made to the representative of Austria the spreadeagle declaration that the dominions of the House of Hapsburg were a mere patch on the map compared with our vast area. So the Magyars are good American citizens, in spite of their affection for the fatherland.

Every man of them knows by heart the story of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Kossuth more than a half century ago by this country, and especially by this city. Portraits of Kossuth and Deak adorn the walls of the resorts and are pointed out with pride to the visiting American.

Among his own, the Magyar is expansive and unsuspiciously friendly. Even at the cheap eating places the well to do share tables with their poorer compatriots, and it is interesting to note how many heads among the men have the fine modeling seen in the portraits of the great Hungarian patriots.

To see a ragged or conspicuously ill dressed man in the characteristic Magyar resorts is unusual, but many of the guests are men to whom a 30 or 40 cent meal is the ordinary limit of luxury. Perhaps a third of the company will be prosperous looking business or professional men.

All who have been in the country for any considerable time speak English pretty well and some come to America with a fair knowledge of the language. In fact the Magyar tongue, which the race has tried so hard to impose upon all residents of Hungary, is spoken so little, save by those with whom it is the native speech, that the Magyars are almost forced to be linguists.

The cheapness of American wines has made the Magyar of moderate means neglect the imported wines of Hungary. On national holidays, however, he is likely to indulge at dinner in one of the oddly named wines of his own people. Then it is that the flame of patriotism shoots high.

The appearance of a gypsy band of three or four pieces on such a night is the signal for applause, and the clinking of glasses and the patriotic airs of the band stir the crowd to wild enthusiasm.

"Ah," sighed a Magyar the other day, in explaining the popularity of the gypsy music, "it is only the music of the gypsy that always touches the heart."

And so it happens that the gypsy, too often despised at home in Hungary, has a special hold upon the affections of the expatriated Magyar. When the music sounds, amid the smoke of many cigars and the fumes of highly chicoried coffee, he forgets all social distinctions and sees his compatriots, rich or poor, only as a band of brothers.

Good-by to the Real Minstrel Show: The Picture Machine Gives It at Less Cost

"The old time minstrel show is surely a thing of the past," said the old theatrical manager. "I've seen the thing that will deal it its solar plexus blow.

"Every one, of course, is familiar with the up to date minstrel show, particularly the first part, where the minstrels sit around in a semi-circle, spring their gags and do their song stunts. That part of the modern minstrel show is the only reminder of the good old blackface days. Well, the moving picture machine is going to settle that.

"I was invited the other day to a private rehearsal of a new set of moving pictures, and what do you suppose it was? The pictures displayed a first part minstrel show, and I'll be blessed if it didn't look like the real thing. It takes twenty minutes for the pictures to be unwound.

"In a darkened theatre with the proper lights on the canvas it is surprising how lifelike these pictures are. The first shows the minstrels standing with the interlocutor in the centre.

"'Gentlemen, be seated,' says a voice from behind the canvas, and they all sit down as if they had life and blood in 'em.

"'Now, we'll have the opening chorus,' says the same voice, and every canvas coon opens his mouth as if he was singing. There is an opening chorus, but it is sung by a live quartet behind the canvas.

"Then the interlocutor rises and asks Brother Bones on his left a question. The brother on the right gives voice to loud guffaws. You can see them in the picture, and it gives you a kind of uncanny feeling till you realize that the voices come from behind the screen.

"'Brother Brown will now sing that beautiful ballad, "Who Threw the Mush in Father's Face?"' says the interlocutor after his "gag" conversation with the two end men.

"As the interlocutor makes his announcements he stands up and when he introduces the singer, the singer steps forward to the centre and front of the stage. The canvas minstrel opens his mouth and the real tenor singer behind the screen does the singing. That is the way this particular minstrel show is run to the end.

"It is surprising how real it is. The man who originated this quick action minstrel show has copyrighted it and has spent $6,000 in rehearsing and getting it ready for the stage. He had to have a whole troupe of blackface men originally and had to drill them well before he could set the picture machine man at work.

"Now that it is in working order it will only take six men to present it. One man will do the announcing. With the quartette he will be hidden behind the screen. The additional man will be needed to work the lights and the machine.

"The show will soon be seen in the continuous houses and I think the picture minstrels will make the real blackface men take to the woods. Anyway, the thing is a novelty and well worth seeing."

NOVEL ROADS TO REFORM.

UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS THAT PROVED EFFECTIVE.

A Former Mayor of Wilkesbarre Tells How He Cured a Thief and a Couple of Drunkards—Spanking the Sentence for a Wife Who Stayed Out Nights.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 14.—Former Mayor Francis Marion Nichols, who labelled Mrs. Sarah Jones, a chronic pilferer, "I am a thief," and had her paraded about the busiest streets in this city, says that it has been his experience that the most successful means of reformation in police courts are not those the punishments which a Magistrate is legally allowed to inflict.

"Sarah Jones," he said, "had been before me many times. Jail, bread and water, and lectures did no good. She continued to steal, and I hit upon the labelling scheme in the hope that it might arouse some sense of shame in her.

"At any rate, although she is now in jail again for the same offence, she did not steal from the time she was thus labelled until after I left office, some four years later. So the treatment of her was partially successful.

"I recall other cases in which a novel treatment appealing to some emotion resulted in a cure.

"An honest middle aged German shoemaker came to me one day in great trouble. He said he was the father of several young children and that his wife, who was considerably younger than he, was beginning to behave badly.

"She had become friendly with a couple of unmarried women, who liked to go to the theatres and afterward drop into saloons with male companions, drink beer and talk until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. She neglected her home and her children and obstinately refused to obey his orders to remain in the house.

"I advised him to argue with her. A couple of weeks later he returned. Argument, expostulation, threats had failed.

"'Put her away from you, then,' I suggested.

"'Ach,' said he, 'I cannot. I haf the children. They need a mutter and she used to be a goot voman. I luf her yet.'

"I had an inspiration.

"'Do the children behave?' I asked.

"'Sure, yes,' he said.

"'Supposing they don't obey?' I suggested.

"'Then I lick 'em, spank 'em,' said he.

"'There,' said I, 'your wife is a big overgrown child, treat her like one.'

"'How vonce?' he stammered.

"'Spank her,' said I. 'The next time she comes home late do not say a word but take her across your knees and spank her as you would a child. Don't be brutal, but make her feel it, and when you have spanked her don't say a word, don't explain.'

"'She'll have the law mit me,' he cried.

"'I'll attend to that,' I answered.

"Well, four or five days afterward there flounced into my office, early in the morning, a rather good looking, plump little woman, her eyes red with weeping and indignation in every ounce of her. She burst into a torrent of words.

"'Mr. Mayor,' she cried, 'I want my husband arrested. He is a brute; he ought to be whipped like a horse, a dog. I came home about 2 this morning and what do you think the brute did, why——'

"'He spanked you,' I interrupted.

"She gasped. 'How do you know?'

"'I told him to,' I said. 'And furthermore every time that you come home late, every time that you neglect your family, every time that you run around with other men, or disobey him in any way, he is going to spank you. I told him to and the law will protect him. Now you go home and try to be a dutiful wife.'

"She went home sobbing. I did not see either of them again, but about four years later I asked a neighbor how they were doing and found they were happy and contented and that she had reformed.

"Almost every other week there was for some time brought before me a man who is now dead, but who was happy during his last years, thanks to a novel punishment which his actions invited. He was an honest fellow, a good father, husband and neighbor except when drunk, and it seemed that no influence or punishment could prevent him from getting drunk at least twice a month.

"I tried many things, but he always broke out again. And to make matters worse, when his family would deprive him of money and none of the neighbors would lend him any, he would steal in order to get a few cents for the liquor he craved. This might at any time have made serious trouble.

"Finally one morning he was brought before me carrying two large fresh ten cent loaves, and on the edge of a three day jag, just about getting over it and needing a drink or two to brace him up. He had stolen the bread to exchange it for these two drinks.

"I said to him, ignoring the fact of his drunkenness:

"'John, this is distressing. I see you are hungry, you have been compelled to steal bread. I could send you to jail, but I always have sympathy for the hungry, and instead I'll just lock you up so the baker will not see you until you have eaten the bread. When you have eaten every scrap of it I'll release you and no one will be the wiser—but to be certain that you eat the bread, I'll put an officer in the cell with you.'

"The poor fellow was already parched with thirst and the thought even of the most palatable food was almost too much for him, and the sentence to eat the bread was frightful punishment. But he tackled it, and all day long strove mightily.

"Several times he sent appeals to me, promising anything if I would release him, but I ignored them. Finally, after he had been in twenty-four hours, there came so pathetic an appeal that I went over.

"He had eaten all the bread except the bottom of one loaf. Down he went on his knees and swore that if it was a question of life or death he could not eat it.

"'You must,' I said, and then he begged piteously and swore by everything he held sacred that he would never touch another drop of liquor. I released him and he kept his promise until his death several years afterward.

"There was brought before me one Sunday morning a decent looking old fellow whom I knew as a good citizen in all things but a habit he had of getting drunk every Saturday night and staying drunk over Sunday, annoying his neighbors and disgracing his family.

"'And that is the way you spend the Sabbath,' I remarked when informed. 'How long is it since you went to Sunday school or to church?'

"'Thirty-five years,' he figured out.

"'Well,' said I, 'there's an excellent Sunday morning service at the Y. M. C. A. for men only, and I think it would do you good to attend. I'll send an officer to keep you company.'

"Whether it was that he was ashamed or whether the religious atmosphere reformed him I never inquired, but he was a regular churchgoer after that and cut out the drinking altogether."

THE SAND OF THE OSTRICH.